SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1909

Mr. Dooley on the Retiring President

By F. P. DUNNE

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egel, etr," said Mr. Doolor, "th' Memory is this paper in th' command fallow in printed careful summaries by thim at the printed careful summaries by the printed careful summaries by thim at the printed careful summaries by the printed careful summaries by thim at the printed careful summaries by the printed careful s

Shorty Does a Parlor Stunt

By SEWELL FORD

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count of Sadie's draggin' me into places sent back the ring and the letters; and it looks like a certain Count Frizetti bottle of buttermilk at an Elks' ban-

But first off, was I teilin' you how Gertle—that's Mrs. Pinckney, you know—has made a part-time commuter out of the dear boy? Say, but she's a bright must have a party." and shinin' star, Gertie is, even if she of theirs with one hand, and Pinckney with the other, and all the time he we're going to tell them?" thinks he's handlin' the steerin' wheel

"By Jove!" says he. "I'll tell you. Gertie; we must have a country place," and Sadie's got over her merry fit, I've "Oh, very well, dear," says she. "Per- forgot what it was all about. haps you'd better buy one."

Larchmont way, where every other man is a Commodore. There's a quarter of a mile water frontage, all nicely rocked up, and a twelve-acre park owed to fir trees and blue stone drives. The house is some elegant too; and Pinckney buys it all standin', includ- help. You play this as a lone hand.' a vault full of silver spoons and a there on an electric train inside of an hour, if nothin' happens. Pinckney thirty minutes; which is all lovely un-

put in the first day there, roamin' mere as if these backward spring house around through the rooms restless, like parties was what I lived for. a cat that's been moved, and how he says that he's sure he's going to like t after he gets acclimated.

Sundays no longer here than in town, and if you're good you may come up once during the week too." "Once!" says Pinckney. "Why, I was

'Just like you," says Gertie. thoughtful and self-sacrificing! But her teeth, she's so vexed." you will keep your quarters at the club, as usual, and run up to see us every

leved he was makin' a martyr of himof for the sake of the fam'ly; but when he finds he's been sidetracked to and the Widow Bill." the callin' list he's just wild to stay with 'em all the time. Gertie only smiles and shakes her head; but after a while she compromises on lettin' him ome up twice a week, when his other it? You couldn't tie a chap like Pinck- for short, you know." ley down to showin' up at the same time and place for dinner every night, cousin of Mrs. Purdy-Pell's, and she'd any more'n you could harness a butter-

w rounds of the giddy whirl in our blamed little future. ively little village, and she ain't got much use fer it. It's enough to know, hough, that when Sadie starts out up a party for any one, the Augustus Van Pelt Rhinelander!" event's as good as pulled off. Gertie gives in; but she specifies that there

'Oh, that'll be all right," says Sa-"You just leave it to Mrs. Purdy-

"What you two plannin' to spring?" Why, the idea, Shorty!" says Sadie, ollin' them Irish blue eyes of hers and landin' me the baby stare, as innocent

sot something up your sleeve besides two freaks, Marjorie pretendin' to be an arm? Guess I'd better give Pinck- awful chummy with the widow, and hey the tip to keep cases on the pair Reggie strikin' up a sudden liking for hoots to get 'em together and give 'em can't pin any josh medals on me.'

Pooh!" says she. "Pinckney knows all about it. So there!" inis great conspiracy. The house can't get any real joy out of the so-warmin' party is just a side issue, the ciety of such a mollycoddle as Gusnterested in. I've heard about their and Reginald hasn't got sense ney. enough not to take her too serious. feetly killing to watch."

Such a twistedness! And all on ac- | They've had one grand smashup; she's

"And there isn't another place where

"Suppose one of your pair of trace did come from out where the miners are! She manages them legacy twins range with the other?" says I. "Goose!" says Sadie. "Do you think

"Gee, Sadle!" says I. "Why not himself. It was to get the twins out of town, where they could find some less excitin' sport than dodgin' teams on their roller skates, that she mesmerizes Pinckney into believin' he packed caucus. She only lets loose a large and chucks a sofe pillow at more than a minority report at a packed caucus. She only lets loose a large and chucks a sofe pillow at more than a minority report at a packed caucus. wants to make a move away from the asphait.

"By Jove!" says he. "I'll tell you, chairs and straightened out the rugs,

But I'm reminded of it a few days And that's how Pinckney come to later, when Sadie's had the steamer pick up this Soundmere joint off the trunk tied on the back of the tourin real estate bargain counter, where it car, and is about to start for Soundhad been left by a bu'sted promoter mere. "Oh, by the way." says she, 'you're to come up Friday night for over Sunday, you know.

"Me!" says I. "Ah, quit your kid din', Sadie! What's the use luggin me into this hearts-asunder business' I'd only get my feet tangled in the bowknets and have Cupid cailin' for "I shall send Pinckney down after you in the car, then," says she, and

off she goes. Well, I puts in a couple of busy days makes it in a taxicab over the road in at the studio, and eats a couple of lonesome dinners at the hotel, and when less Mr. Mellen gets onto him and Pinckney does show up I'm just in the vanks him up before the supreme court act of throwin' my patent leather shoes into the grip on top of my dress shirt, and am as ready to go out to Sound-

'Hope they've fixed up that awful Madge and Reggie tragedy before this, though," says I, as we climbs in Yes," says Gertie, "you'll find the the leather seats and gives Henri the word to turn on the third speed.

Pinckney chuckles. "They haven't," says he, "and what is more, they're in the loveliest tangle you ever saw. Sadie doesn't know which way to turn, and Mrs. Purdy-Pell is fairly grinding

sudden shocks. Is it a case of Marje and Reggie still stickin' their tongues Well, say, before that Pinckney be- out at each other?" "Not at all," says Pinckney: "but they're too much interested in Gussie

"Don't!" says I. "I can't stand these

"The widow! Say, Pinckney," says I, "come across with that last once more, and say it slower."

"Beg pardon, old man," says he; "but I thought you had heard of Wilhelmina. We call her the Widow Bill Seems that she was a kind of step-

come up from her place down on Long ly; but there's other ways of keepin' Island for a visit, just in time so's men around than nailin' his shoes to they couldn't dodge countin' her in on the party. But they didn't look for Well, they hadn't more'n got their any trouble from her, she bein' one trunks out there, before Sadie begins of the kind that's perfectly satisfied if plannin' what she calls a mid-Lent she has a horse to ride and a couple ouse warmin' party for them. Gertie, of setter dogs for comp'ny, She's a at that. She's had a real sod widow, with no past and

"But this Gussie who's she?"

"She?" says Pinckney. Went's as good as pulled off. Gertie the sin; but she specifies that there pie with the rosebud mouth and the albino hair?" says I. "What kind of a collection have you got up there, anyway, Pinckney?"

He explains that Gussie was invited because he's so handy at decorating and thinkin' up stunts. About as harmless as a white rabbit, Gussle is; so I asks how it was he'd been interferin'. And what do you think? Marjorie and Reginald, while bein' as polite to each Augustus, followin' him around like a a chance to make up. mastiff guardin' a pet course it's just a bluff, Pinckney says; At that I gets the bottom facts of for a big, husky chap like Reginald

interested in. I've heard about their "But it prevents Sadie and Mrs. leaded enough to keep it up and maybe little fallin' out before. Marjorie's a Purdy-Pell from working their little run off with that frowsy little Count real nice girl too, only she's a high scheme; don't you see?" says Pinck-the minute she gets back to town. "And the whole situation is per-



Gazin' at each other like there wa'n't anything else.

And say, it was kind of entertainin', knowin' the inside details, to see them Pinckney, driftin' up just then. "We in' some of the silverware. They'd trail the string for him a little. two couple dodgin' each other: Reggie all know. Shorty, that when it comes placed him and Marjorie next each other. Never saw this young phin. as a four-year-old.

"Eh?" says I, chuckin' her chin up themselves corralled under the same two couple dodgin' each other: Reggie all know. Shorty, that when it comes and takin' a closer look. "So you have conversin' with these towns and the conversin' with Mrs. Twombley-Crane, the way up and down with a complex."

"We in' some of the silverware. They'd trail the string for him a little.

Pinckney, driftin' up just then. "We in' some of the silverware. They'd trail the string for him a little.

Never saw this young Bhinelander, to using social finesse, you can give er at the table; but he does all his conversin' with Mrs. Twombley-Crane, the way up and down with a complex." jorie leadin' the Widow Bill off the other, while every one else was in ca-

"Looks like your little reunion program was bung on the hook; eh, Sa- himself he works it overtime.

"There, Shorty; don't rub it in!" says warmin' party is just a side issue, the ciety of such a mollycoddle as Gustain scheme being to get together a sie; and the Widow Bill ain't Marjorie's this way! Really, they think the world of each other; but Madge is just pig headed enough to keep it up and maybe run off with that frowsy little Count the minute she gets back to town. If she does, Reggie is going to take it if they was left alone, and I has no bunch, wa'n't it? Sure, there was lots than a one-legged man has of dancmighty hard. Can't you think of some I haven't named; but this ain't any ing a jig; but next forenoon, as I was "Oh, fudge!" says Gussle, comin' one

"What! with my cabbage head?" that fool report; for once or twice I catches him scowlin' my way, and I "Modesty, my boy, modesty!" says

But when Pinckney gets to runnin' on a joke that he's thought up all by himself he works it overtime. So he goes around whisperin' confidential Broadway. that it's all right now, since I've been | Not that it had me worried any. put on the job. He gets away with it I've been tellin' Sadie she'd get stung

colors up like I'd been spotted pocket-

"Ah, stow it in the tin!" says I. "You while Madge follows suit by lettin' on ion like a wax pear, nice silky eye-an't pin any josh medals on me." while Madge follows suit by lettin' on ion like a wax pear, nice silky eye-

too; for at dinner I see 'em pointin' sooner or later, and I thinks maybe fun, these little affairs out of town, me out as Mr. Fixit, the broken vow this'll cure her ambitions for pairin' y'know. Jolly set, and all that."

"Maybe," says I. "But I ain't afraid way to break up that absurd combi-panorama I'm givin'. Guess even Reg-strollin' through the billiard room of losin' any buttons over it." inald must have got some inkling of lookin' for Pinckney, I runs across Ausides, I didn't know they was goin' to gustus, lightin' up a mild cigarette, and jump into the affilinity business like that. I don't have any better sense than to But I knows it can't last long after

conversin' with Mrs. Twombley-Crane, the way up and down, with a complex-

ain't you? Havin' a good time up

"Oh, ya-as," says he. "Ripping good

of them wavy wiggles. "Really, you

know, I don't sing at all."
"No?" says I. "But you're a heart-breaker. Now don't deny it; I see it in your eye. Didn't I' watch you puttin' the spell on the widow last night? Eh? How about it?"

"What! Her?" gasps Gussle. "Why-why-I never so much as-"
"That'll do, that'll do, Gussle!" says

, winkin' real mysterious. "And maybe you didn't fetch her all right, too! Oh, you're a slick one, you are! Why, seems to me I heard her tellin' some one you were the nicest, dearest man she ever met.'

That gets Gussie with his mouth open and his ears strained for more. "Truly, now, Professor McCabe," says he-"truly, did-did she-"

"Did she!" says I. "If you had heard how she— But maybe I ought not to give her away like this. She's a real pippin for her size, though. What? Don't she remind you of Maxine Elliot

With that last shot I leaves him, his head all in a whirl and his face as pink as a candle shade. Course, I had o call to guy him that way, and but when he gets in the way, there's nothing else handy, I couldn't And it looked like I'd gone straight

from him after the Widow Bill: for not ten minutes later, as I was out to the stable watchin' the twins gettin' their pony cart under way, in Wilhelmina herself on a rangy, hardbitted hunter that some one has paimed off on Pinckney for a lady's drivin' horse. She'd taken the starch out of the beast, the Widow Bill had, in a ten-mile run over soft roads. up and winded; but she strides off as brisk as if she'd been spendin' the mornin' in a rockin' chair

The widow's a good buch of a girl, you know-about as slim and willowy as Maggie Cline or May Irwin. No soft spots about her, either, and I'll bet most of that hundred and eighty of hers is the red corpuscle kind. She's face, especially about the chin and jaw, No, it wouldn't stop a clock; but it private, understand? I ain't takin' no chances on stirrin' up any female that's qualified for the lady blacksmith

"Mornin', Professor," she sings out real hearty, handing me a shoulder pat that felt like stoppin' a brick. "How's your muscle, ch? Come on in and I'll

play you a game of billiards."
"No, thanks," says I. "That's too violent exercise for me. Maybe Augustus will go you one. He's in there."
"Huh! Him!" says she, half way between a grunt and a snort.

And then I feels a ticklin' in my fool-ish bone. "He'll be terrible glad to see you back, I guess," says I.

"Surest ever," says I. "We've just been talkin' about you. My! but you widows do get these boys comin' easy! Ain't mentioned it to you yet, has he, about your lookin' like Maxine Eillot, and what a fascinatin' talker you are,

"McCabe." says she, "do you mean that Gus-er-Mr. Rhinelander-has been saying such—"
"Sh-h-h!" says I. "Here he comes!

And say, as he minces by he throws her the silliest kind of a grin you ever saw, and hanged if she don't come back at him with the mate to it! Why, you could have hung a wash on that line that was stretched between 'em "Oh, pshaw!" says she, "And I in

this muddy old riding rig! I must get on something decent. they each had a good look at the oth-

the sensation of the minute, "Heard the latest?" says Pinckney. "Gussie and the Widow Bill have hit

it off."
"Well, don't stop 'em," says I. "The

Most took my appetite away, though to see 'em makin' goo-goo eyes at each other across the center piece at meal time, while all the others seems to think it's the funniest thing ever happened. Even Madge and Reggie forget themselves long enough to swap grins

over it. Continued on Page 12.